THE NAMELESS HERO

PS
3501
N24N3
1902

James Blythe Anderson

Class PS3501
Book .N24N3
Copyright No. 1902

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE NAMELESS HERO

THE
NAMELESS HERO

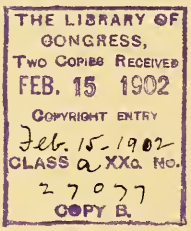
And Other Poems

BY

JAMES BLYTHE ANDERSON

NEW YORK
A. WESSELS COMPANY
1902

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY
A. WESSELS COMPANY



UNIVERSITY PRESS · JOHN WILSON
AND SON · CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

TO MY FATHER

These Poems are Lovingly Inscribed

Contents

	Page
The Nameless Hero	1
Lines	26
Eclipse	28
Arise and Be Glad	29
Present	31
A Ballade	32
Home Returning	34
To a Dear One	35
It Thanketh Him	36
Dear Silver Creek	37
The Haunted Hermit	38
Love Leadeth	47
Come Quickly, Spring!	48
Rebecca O'Rear	49
Go Softly Stealing	52
Sherman's Heroic March	53

PAGE

O LIBERTY, REIGN! 55

AGAIN A BOY 56

A CARDINAL 58

GOD WILL GUIDE THEE 59

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DEATH 62

TIME 63

WHEN BABY CAME 65

THE TROUBADOUR 67

TO NIGHT 69

NOTES 70

THE NAMELESS HERO

SAD, O Missouri, sad as tolling knell
The tales of blood and death thy children tell.
Belovèd land, my heart with grief is torn
O'er ruthless wrongs by thee so nobly borne.
The demon War has blown his fiery gale,
Blasted thy uplands, blighted every vale.
Where stood thy busy hamlet wolves may roam,
And ruins where once rose the happy home.

Fair were thy plains, sweet Marion, where befell
A deed that makes the pitying bosom swell.
Fair are thy streets, Palmyra, where was done —
That deed so foul and dark a fiend might shun.
Unrazed by bounding shot or sputtering brand
Erect thou stood'st o'er smouldering, fuming land.
Though stilled thy flames, yet endless blazing fires
Forever burn in breasts of sons and sires.

The Nameless Hero

It was that year when General John McNeil,[1]
Led by a cruel and fanatic zeal,
Resolved to make the poor Missourians feel
The galling weight of the oppressor's heel;
It was when rallying at Lexington
Missouri's sons a valiant victory won,
Making the swarms of Northern foemen yield
Before their charge upon the gory field —
As some undeviating hurricane
Of prairie-fire o'erspreading the dry plain;
Fiercely up-leaping, see it surge along,
Driving before the fiery-footed throng —
So Price's host swept o'er the trembling land
And put to flight the panic-stricken band.
Then hies the ghoul, Acadia's beast of prey —
Seeking the fold when shepherd is away
For Marion's verdant valleys lay afar
From ghastly strife and ruinous rush of war.

Ah! who is he on foaming, reeking steed
Rides up the street with almost frenzied speed,
Pressing his bloody spurs full oft applied
To his poor panting charger's quivering side?
'T is Andrew Allsman,[2] flying peril's reign,

Like wild coyote from bison's thundering train,
Eager, when danger's flown, to be the tool
To aid the General's stern, relentless rule.
Now he draws rein in front of guarded tent
Where prompt the Federal guard his challenge sent:
"Admission quickly to the Chief I claim,
Admittance promptly, in the Union's name."
Spake thus the messenger — and then McNeil,
"Ho! What! how goes it, Trusty, woe or weal?
Thy weighty tidings quick to me unfold;
Tell me the latest from these Rebels bold."
"Ah, General, would I tales of joy might tell!
But tidings bring I desperate as hell,
For Chieftain, know you that the battle's tide
Again has set upon the Southern side."
An evil gleam was in that look askance,
And fierce despair lay ever in his glance —
As when amid the thickest forest brake
You watch the anguish of some wounded snake
That twists and writhes and hisses in its pangs,
And suffering, vainly shows its venomed fangs.
"But two days since the foe, with fiendish yell,
Upon our hosts so furiously fell

That with the volleys loud and sabre-stroke
At last our serried ranks disordering broke:
Never since Bull Run's bloody fight was fought
Has there been such a sanguine havoc wrought."
He ceased and on his master bent one look —
No more than that his servile soul could brook.
Oh, horrid was the scowl of wrath and hate
That on his plotting leader's features sate!
Not like his vassal's face, revealing mind,
Or giving play to devils that lurked behind;
But as the mad volcano's lava-tide,
That rolls so fiery down the mountain side,
While on the level broadening lands below
Its boiling waves as ever fiercely flow.
Ah, but they flow beneath a faithless crust
Pledging a safety that we dare not trust!
So this bold man's deceptive mien. And now
Although McNeil unbent his wrathful brow,
With devilish joy his wicked glances gleam;
Revenge and murder are his wonted theme.

The morning broke on Marion's rosy plain
Where tinted bud and blossom smiled again;
The morning broke, and touching street and spire,

Mantled them all in robes of living fire;
The morning broke, and all the wingèd throng
Waked up, then forest rang with matin song.
But scarce the purple east had paled away,
Losing itself within the dazzling day,
Than echoes now aroused to sound the strain
Of sweetest melody over Marion's plain.
More bright than twinkling dew on floweret wild
The mirthful maiden that triumphant smiled;
Within the tints of dawn in vain you seek
So deep a tinge as dyed her glowing cheek;
Even men could scarcely curb their pride and joy,
And shouts break forth from many a careless boy.
Wherefore this burst of bliss o'er vale and town
That Blue-coat so resents with sullen frown?
It is the tidings come of victory grand
Over invading hosts by Price's band.

A year has flown away: each morrow's sun
Has donned his regal robes his course to run,
But ere dim twilight with its garment gray
Had cast its pall upon *this* dying day,
On many a merry heart a shadow fell
That lingers still with its sad after-spell.

All the night through the quick and measured
beat
Of troops was heard upon the guarded street;
All the night through they marched, throng after
throng,
Conveying prisoners to the fortress strong;
All the night through the signal of assault
Rang out by musket 'mid the sharp cry, "Halt!"
All the night through the soldiers, breathing low,
Await with ready arms the approaching foe.
But long ere morning, swift the news was spread
Of Andrew Allsman — missing, taken, dead!
And when the new day dawned without attack
They said the enemy had fallen back —
Had fallen back who had not even advanced!
Guerillas bold on whom no eye had glanced.

But see yon placard in the town's chief mart
The eager citizens read — and shrink and start.
And oh, how blanches cheek of passer-by
When the sharp characters attract his eye!
Ah, yes! well may your faltering wives grow pale;
Well may your mothers utter a low wail.
Woe, woe to sire now from his children torn,

And woe to maiden who is left forlorn;
And woe to sad bride weeping in her charms,
Her bridegroom wrested from her clinging arms.[3]
For here is ruin, murder, misery's dole
In every mark and curve and line and scroll.
Ha, who has there inscribed and made proclaim
With pompous phrase — and in the Union's name —
"That by unhallowed Marion's wicked strife
A true man and a patriot lost his life?
Or else a captive, reft by rebel hands,
Unwilling bound in treason's loathèd bands."
McNeil then adds: "If at the third day's dawn
No rumor of the Patriot that is gone,
Then surely ten men's blood shall expiate
This worthy Union martyr's barbarous fate."

That building yonder, rising grim and still,
Casting a gloomy shadow down the hill,
A pile with grated bars and scowling wall,
Tells plainly its dark tale of human thrall.
All day and all the night there falls the sound
Of sentry's tramp upon his ceaseless round.
The slug is crushed by hundred feet and more:

Shut in that prison is a motley corps —
Young men scarce twenty, veterans of four-score
Cruelly crowded in the human cage,
The locks of youth are pressed to those of age.

And who are they, the weary, pleading throng
Who sadly haunt this prison all day long?
By whom are all these loving dainties sent,
Though never reaching their adored ones meant?
Ah, mothers, daughters, sisters, sweethearts, wives,
Dark the horizon that engirds your lives!
The storm now gathering tendeth unto death,
The rising gale bears blood upon its breath.

And who is she whose heavy eyes like rain
Shed woeful tears that fall on Marion's plain?
In vain her tristful features would I trace
To find remembrance of a well-known face.
Beside her comes a boy with golden hair,
A tiny girl in arms, so sweet and fair.
And oft she pauses in her deep distress,
To give a mother's tender, fond caress.
She seeks entreatingly access to gain,

And weeps afresh to find entreaties vain.
There 's mystic cadence in her plaintive tongue,
Like half-heard notes of a forgotten song;
There is a softness in her downcast eyne,
That carries thought back to love's sacred shrine.

Sweet Helen Adair! I remember her well;
She dwelt with her father in Cottonwood dell,
In as lovely a valley as ever was seen,
Hard by the green banks of the flowing Lamine.
Ah! rarely you light on so blithesome a pair
As the Hero yet nameless and Helen Adair.

It seems but a day since he stood by her side
Where murmuring waters soft ripple and glide,
Where faint flecks of light from the sun's golden sheen
Flash bright from the bosom of flowing Lamine:
Yet turned he from vision so passingly fair
To gaze on the beauty of Helen Adair.

Far-stretching beneath them rich verdure was spread
With a green forest-canopy waving o'erhead.

The odorous grapevine all trailingly clung,
And the clematis, white-fringed, in long festoons hung.
Yet scarce for such vision one glance could he spare
From the fairy-like beauty of Helen Adair.

The jay gaily ruffled his wings in the breeze
As he swept through the branches of lordly old trees,
And the mocking-bird, joined by a wild choral throng,
Poured out to the sunlight a flood of glad song:
Yet less lovely those tones with their melody rare
Than the low silvery voice of sweet Helen Adair.

Sweet Helen Adair! I remember her well;
She dwelt with her father in Cottonwood dell
Where the wild roses smiled on the eglantine's bloom,
And faint-blushing crab-apples breathed forth perfume;
Ah, well I remember that rippling gold hair —
A crown of bright glory to Helen Adair.

At last came a stranger, — ah, woe was the day! —
Who married sweet Helen and took her away.
And she wept with the Hero, when lo! they
must part;
"But a brother's place ever is thine in my heart."
A brother's place only was all he held there;
It was not so in *his* heart for Helen Adair.

A white rose she gave him with sorrowing sigh,
As a sisterly pledge to remember her by,
But a willow grew near with its branches quite low,
Whence he secretly plucked fitter emblem of woe,
A token concealed but treasured with care,
Of long-blighted hope and sweet Helen Adair.

Now sits she bewailing apart from the rest,
She weeps and she sighs, she is bitter distressed,
For her husband is pining in yon grim bastile,
A prey to the vengeance of Tyrant McNeil.

The day has now dawned undimmed in its glory —
The day that will long be remembered in story;
Not a cloud in the red east its homage to render
To the sun as he rises in radiant splendor.

But in that gray building no faintest white gleam
Of hope ever enters on morning's glad beam;
There reigns a black midnight of terror and gloom —
Each mild ray of sunlight is signal of doom.

No song of glad praise or aught else is heard there
Save the deep wail of anguish, the moan of despair.
Alas! what is sunlight on woodland and glen
To those who are fated to die with the ten?

But harken to the sound, as prison gray
Glows warm in radiance of the new-born day!
With the first glance of the uprising sun
Peals forth the fateful thundering signal gun.
There is a stirring now within the wall,
Of prisoners marshalled to the judgment hall
To hear the names of chosen victims read,
Whose souls, ere nightfall, shall be heavenward sped.
The roll-call over, deep the silence then
That fell, a deadly hush, o'er living men!

So still it was it seemed as if the tomb
Already gulfed them in its desperate gloom.
Forward stepped Strachan,[4] provost of McNeil,
Gazed round, then spoke in accents cold as steel:
With swelling words proclaimed the time long past
For hoping Allsman would return at last;
Therefore he would, in august presence, state
Whose blood must now atone his cruel fate.
Then from his bosom drew he a long scroll
On which was writ in full the prisoners' roll,
Each name inscribed in black on vellum fine, —
But lo! through some there ran a blood-red line.
He called the ten forth, one by one, by name;
No sound, no murmur from the doomed men came,
And scarce a cheek assumed a fainter hue,
And scarce a man his breath more quickly drew.
Suspense once ended, ends oppressive grief,
For certainty alone brings some relief.

Yet who can tell the dread fears that appall
Those fond hearts throbbing now within the wall?
And who, ah who, shall speak the dark despair
That weighed down souls of loved ones standing there?

Ah, well a-day! sweet Helen, dost thou hear?
"O William," murmured she with failing breath,
"O William, William!" swooning as in death.

There is an emerald glen that lovers know,
Far from which the Mississippi's torrents flow:
No lovelier, wilder view can one obtain
In all the width and breadth of Marion's plain.

It has a gentle slope on either hand
Where lofty trees with twining branches stand,
A glimpse of heaven amid the foliage there
Is like a glimpse of hope through vistas fair.

Within the dusky glen a tiny brook
Goes gaily bickering in and out each nook;
Vale-lilies watch its waters as they run,
And golden-rod points to the glowing sun.

Upon the turf a mark may well be seen —
A circle so distinct, of deeper green,
Of deeper green in summer as in spring,
And long ago was named "The Fairies' Ring."

How passing strange that this sequestered glen
Should be so near unto the haunts of men.
Yet is 't not stranger such a spot should be
The scene of vile revenge and treachery ?

But harken to those voices' distant hum,
And harken to the roll of martial drum ;
Closer and closer comes the sound of feet,
Nearer the muffled drum's prophetic beat,
Joined by the trumpet in that march so dread —
With peal to summon, not to soothe the dead —
Wailing its dirge on the clear morning air,
Like dying cry of hope turned to despair.
In mournful line did doomèd prisoners come,
Step keeping to the trumpet and the drum
Each form erect, with dauntless, high-borne head,
A firm step keeping to that march so dread.
Beside them file the soldiers, two by two —
A guard sufficient for the captive few !

And now the Acadian, in his pride of place,
Stood forth exultant, hatred in his face,
And with his brazen tongue and mien defied
The ten whose hands so cruelly were tied.

In guileful terms with bitter phrases set,
Canting he spoke, and told of the regret
He felt at having to retaliate
For Andrew Allsman's sad untimely fate;
When lo! a rustling sound fell on his ear,
A pleading voice that momently drew near.
With startled look he turned and faced around
To learn from whence it came — that sudden sound.
He saw a tender woman make her way
Between the close battalion's grim array,
Flinging aside with desperate, mad force,
The bayonets that barred her onward course.

In sorrow bowed, the fond and weeping wife
Besought McNeil to spare her husband's life.
But when did serpent e'er his hold abate
Upon the bird, for cries of fluttering mate?
Yet though each time repulsed with rude disdain,
She, unabashed, renewed her plea again.
And then a faltering voice came o'er the sod:
"Kneel not, my Helen, kneel but to thy God."
Up went her hands her flushed face to conceal,
Yet ceased not her wild prayer to hard McNeil.

" Remove this woman," haughtily he cried;
" She troubles me, remove her from my side."
No arm was raised his order to obey,
Not one man moved to take the wife away.
A new thought flashed upon his subtle soul,
An awful wile that gave him fresh control:
" Soldiers," said he, " and you civilians too,
I grieve right earnestly for what I do;
Yet, in discharge of duty, 't is my lot
To order all these Rebels to be shot.
A Union man has suffered murder foul
At hands of traitors that around us prowl.
Now, should we, of the ten, one weakly spare,
Who then will prophesy what next they dare?
And yet my heart would fain find some relief
For this poor woman's overwhelming grief.
And so though ten men's blood must expiate
Our Federal martyr's sad pernicious fate
Before high heaven I solemnly do swear
I will this woman's husband freely spare, —
Within one half hour will his doom abate
If any one be found to bear his fate."
Thus spake McNeil, and cast around a smile;
The soldiers all approve these words of guile.

Yet there was one, a man of valiant mould,
Upon whose cheek a furtive tear-drop rolled.
One instant only stayed it glistening there —
Blame not the captive spouse of Helen fair!

Ah me! the appointed hour is hurrying on,
A little space, and surely it is gone;
Yet still there not a man to show his face,
To suffer in the fated prisoner's place.
O Friendship, Friendship, thou 'rt a glorious thing!
The patriot's praises, too, all ages sing;
Yet is there friend, howe'er to friendship true,
For friendship's sake has given the breath he drew?
And few, yes few the men, however brave,
That willingly have filled a patriot's grave.
But, above all, who ever gave his life
To save a husband for a weeping wife?

Twelve minutes more the respite lingereth!
Hard beats his heart, and slow he draws his breath.

Life is too sweet, and death is all too grim —
Sure, there is no one who will die for *him!*
And now the men whose task it is to slay
Confront the prisoners in dread array;
Now comes the last, last parting, awful, brief;
A parting leaving naught but desolate grief.
But who is this with such a lofty mien?
He crosses fleet the grassy meadow green,
And just one swift compassionate look he threw
Upon the stricken group which met his view;
Then with a haughty, bold, disdainful eye,
Extends his hands and to McNeil says: "Tie!"
All eyes are turned upon the stranger's face,
Upon that form of such commanding grace;
But the proud eagle glance, the scorching look
Was more than even McNeil's seared soul could brook.
"Who dares to brave us with a front so bold?
Thy name and mission, man, to us unfold!
If vengeance just thou seekest to evade
Then fear my wrath; it cannot well be stayed."
"My name, McNeil, it boots thee not to hear,
And I thy fiercest wrath do little fear.
It is enough for thee, proud man, to know

That I Missourian am, so then thy foe.
And for my mission, that is quickly sped;
I come to suffer in yon doomed man's stead."
When he had spoke these words and taken breath
He saw the Acadian turn pale as death.
"Seize, seize the traitor!" he in terror cried,
"And be assured his hands are firmly tied;
For much I fear one of the desperate crew
That war on us and on the Union too.
Who knows but that he has a rescue planned
By secret aid of predatory band?
Or it may be with bold assassin's art
He seeks to send the steel to loyal heart."
How mighty was the look of scorn serene
That on the stranger's manly face was seen!
And oh! how flashed his eyes with lofty pride
When to McNeil he slowly thus replied:
"General, in thee I had not thought to view
A fiend so crafty and so valiant too.
Calm, cruel Chieftain, gallant, grand, and fine,
Fear not that I do harm to thee or thine;
Now, reassuring with an action strong,
Again my hands I offer for the thong."
Then on his wrists a cord they instant bound,

And drew its tightening circles round and round
With such a brutal and demoniac force
That the blood started all along its course.
Yet he, unmoved, stood in his beauty there,
With look sublime that only heroes bear;
Then turning, thus he spake to those around
(Soft fell his accents, with a mournful sound):
"I see your tearful eyes that ask me why
I venture for another man to die.
So then, be this my answer briefly told, —
Though life is sweet to me who am not old,
Yet is it not too dear for Country's need,
Nor all too precious for a Christian deed.
No prostrate wife have I to moan my fate,
No little darlings left disconsolate.
I stand me all alone, nor part have I
In woman's priceless love or filial tie.
None, no not one, to weep when I am dead;
None, no not one, will grieve my spirit fled."
He crossed the Fairies' Ring with quickened pace,
Beckoning to William that he leave his place.
William stood motionless; he gazed around,
Then on the stranger with his brave hands bound.
"O noble, peerless youth," at last he cried

"Thou who to save another would'st have died,
Think not that I to honor so am lost
As to accept of life at such a cost.
Live on! for honor bright and fair renown
Heroic life like thine must surely crown.
So then, live on! and if when I am dead, —"
But no, the stranger slowly shook his head
And turning quickly fell upon his heel,
Again addressed the fell and dark McNeil:
"I am thy victim, Chief, in this man's room,
And claim the place of his allotted doom."
McNeil repents now of his hasty vow,
And with an angry flush on swarthy brow,
"Remove that man!" in gruffest voice he said,
"And let this braggadocio die instead;
For since the boaster is in love with death,
I wot we soon can stop his bragging breath."
His soldiers instantly the word obey;
William unwillingly is led away.

Then Provost-marshal Strachan, sword in hand,
Stepped out imperious and gave command:
"Our time is up, so let the men make clear

The ground at once, to do what brought us here."
There on verdurous marge of thick-set wood
The brave and tranquil ten awaiting stood;
Each man of them a hero was in truth,
But greatest of the band the stately youth.
There stood he like a tall majestic oak
Which holds erect until the final stroke.
There stands he with an ever peaceful air,
While breezes fan caressingly his hair;
He looks once more upon the heavens fair,
His lips he moves, yet silent falls his prayer—
A holy blessing breathes for one who knows
Of early blighted hope and treasured rose.

But hearken to the roll of signal drum
Proclaiming that the last sad moment 's come!
Oh, hear the sharp command and ringing sound
Of muskets as they strike the grassy ground!
A moment more, and bright the sparkling sun
Tipped in a garish light each levelled gun.
And ah! shut close your eyes while breath comes thick —
There falls upon your ear an ominous click,
And then — O God! spare us that blinding flash,

That last command — and then the deafening
crash!
Again, anon, reverberates the peal —
Seven volleys are discharged by hearts of steel —
And when the heavy smoke is wreathed in air
No man of all the ten is standing there.
For on the glen they lie, those victims brave,
Each ready for a martyr's hallowed grave;
Each man a hero in his bloody pall,
But yonder stranger greatest of them all.

The soldiers fall in line and still their hum,
Returning to the place whence they had come,
Marching with banner, bayonet and plume
All flashing in the face of death and gloom;
Marching on merrily with well-trained feet,
Marching in unison with the drum's quick beat.
And thus in golden light of early day
That gentle, noble spirit passed away
To heaven, with the sweetly faint perfume
Of springtime flower crushed in its radiant bloom.

My tale is done, my story 's told
Of murder foul, of martyr bold;

Yet holds my harp its sad refrain
As loth to leave its tragic strain.
Harp of the South, thy numbers flow
In accents sad and full of woe,
And who invokes thy chord must deem
That blood and death will be thy theme.
Yes, blood and death and tears and sighs
And women's wails and orphans' cries;
Yet ofttimes with a magic spell
Exultant notes sublimely swell,
And ofttimes too, with pride rebound
Hearts Southern, as thy chords resound,
With beating pulse for every strain
That tells of noble patriots slain,
That tells of the endurance brave
Of those who fill a martyr's grave.
And memory with triumphant peal
Re-echoes at the name of Beall,[6]
Or chants in chastened mournful strain
Of ten who died on Marion's plain.
No costly tomb — a gentle swell
Marks where the nameless Hero fell:
Yet, no need here for sculptor's art —
His memory 's graved on every heart.

LINES

Col. Frisby H. McCullough was murdered at Kirksville, Missouri, August 8th, 1862, by Gen. John McNeil.

FAIR, O Missouri, deep thy rud
Falling on Mississippi's flood.
Sweet nestling vill in peaceful rest
Reposing in a ravished breast,
Ah such a deed as thy brow stains
Curdles the blood in listener's veins!

Fair yonder upland. Sweet that mound
With running roses trailing round;
The tender blossoms blowing there
Show grieving hearts and loving care;
The cypress in that sacred spot
Points that the sleeper 's not forgot;
Is not forgot! this patriot who
Did die a dauntless martyr true;
And yet, my tongue is loth to tell
The deed of horror that befell.

Could wreak my pen a pungent flame,
Could be the fiend of lesser fame, —
Perchance I might this act impart
In fitting words with lighter heart,
And in a minstrel strain reveal
This hellish crime of John McNeil!

ECLIPSE

THE weary sun is sinking, fades each lingering ray —
The night is mildly mingling with the end of day;
A star is slyly glinting beneath a fleecy cloud,
The moon is softly shining, innocently proud.

The heedless breeze is romping headlong in its glee,
The tiny rill is gurgling onward to the sea.
But look! the patient sentry stops his steady tread,
And stands a-wondering, gazing with a lifted head.

The moon so brightly shining, he sees to dimness fade,
And now a darkness stealing, and now a thicker shade.
Hear these accents falling from his trembling lips:
"Life is everlasting, Death but its eclipse."

ARISE AND BE GLAD

OH awake, you sluggard, awake and be glad,
For God with beauty all nature has clad!
No mist-wreath arises to dim with its fold
The beams that are shedding their crimson and gold;
Mildly glances each ray on plant and on flower,
And diamonds of dew in myriads shower;
So arise, you sluggard, arise and be glad,
For God with beauty all nature has clad.

The bloom on the lily, the sheen on the trees
Are brushed by the breath of morning's sweet breeze,
And greeting the dawn is the babble of birds
And the voice of deep welcome from far-lowing herds;

So arise, you sluggard, arise and be glad,
For God with beauty all nature has clad.

There is song of rejoicing — hear'st thou the
faint quiver
On the whispering tide of the deep-flowing river?
Ah, fair is the morn; with a song of glad praise
Wakened nature rejoices in glad dawn's fair rays;
So arise, you sluggard, arise and be glad,
For God with beauty all nature has clad.

PRESENT

THE moon looks down to kiss the night
And lovely is the mere,
A star peeps down right through my sight
To constant love's bright sphere.

The soft winds winnow sweet and light —
"I love you, love you, dear!" —
The dew-drop trembled rare and bright —
My darling answered, — "Here."

A BALLADE

WHEN roses strew the lap of May,
And give their incense to the air,
When songsters warble sweetly gay,
Then joyous laughter everywhere;
But when the Winter cold and bare
Lays snapping icy fingers tart —
To shield thee from the biting snare
Keep sunshine ever in thy heart!

When zephyrs kiss the budding day
A-bursting forth so debonair,
When merry chimes the brooklet's lay,
Then joyous laughter everywhere;
But when the ragged lightnings glare,
When rumbling tempests' thunders start —
To guide thee through depressing care
Keep sunshine ever in thy heart!

When friends are numbered as the spray
That breaks on coral beaches fair,
When lilies nod and bid thee stay,
And joyous laughter 's everywhere,
Nor less when first the starting tear
Says riches go and friends depart —
To lift thee upward from despair
Keep sunshine ever in thy heart!

ENVOY

Smiles now the earth like maiden rare?
Then joyous laughter everywhere.
Would'st parry grief's destructive dart?
Keep sunshine ever in thy heart!

HOME RETURNING

'TIS eve; the ploughman hastens to his rest,
With heart like bubbles dancing near a shore;
His loving spouse, with lusty darlings blest,
He seeks at humble cot as oft before.
In shady viny nook his open door,
Where now she welcomes him so blithely home;
His heart rejoicing greets her o'er and o'er
And beauty buds like blossoms in the loam —
By far most brilliant star in all the sparkling dome.

TO A DEAR ONE

FOR thee may laden South-winds breathe
Incense from ocean's tropic isles;
For thee may quiet brooklets wreathe
The mirror of thy tender smiles.

Oh let the stately lilies fair,
And roses, proudest of the flowers,
Bend till they kiss the maiden-hair
When thou dost walk within their bowers.

Ye song-birds, trill your music wild,
Ye fountains, dash your sparkling spray,
Ye sunbeams, shed your radiance mild,
A-making bright for her the day.

And then at night, O voices sweet,
Ring out the gentle chimes of sleep;
Let heaven's angel hosts entreat
The God of all, love's vigil keep.

IT THANKETH HIM

THE snow-bird trips about my door
And trims its glossy wing,
The icy down is sprinkling o'er
This darling little thing.

No sorrow swells its quiet breast
In winter's sleet and snow,
The frozen world can not molest
Nor drop a flake of woe.

With joy up-peeping at the cloud,
Whilst picking crumbs, it sings
Content to breathe its thanks aloud
And trim its sheeny wings.

DEAR SILVER CREEK

DEAR Silver Creek, fantastic fairies skip
Across thy dimples; weeping willows drip
Their dewy fringe along thy limpid breast;
The wind comes wheeling o'er thy cedared crest
With crimson streams of day in rivalship.

The drowsy lolling May-flies loitering sip
With bees the buds that o'er thy margin dip,
Like bubble beads, in dancing beauty drest,
Dear Silver Creek!

So long ago, and far away, yet slip
Sweet memories where thy lapping pebbles trip
The bruisèd toes a-dallying with thy guest;
Oh happy days! no longing nor unrest;
Bright memory bears thy ripples to my lip,
Dear Silver Creek!

THE HAUNTED HERMIT

ADOWN the dale by rippling rills
And o'er the rifts of rocky hills,
Through all the summer's sultry day
Alone I wend a thoughtful way.
I bend my steps with eager pace
To yon enchanting mountain's base,
Wreathed on its summit far above,
A halo of eternal love,
As lagging streamers of the sun
All mirror bright The Blessed One.
Nature invokes with myriad calls,
'Mid varied voices darkness falls.
And while I loiter at the spring
I hear its purling waters sing.
With rhythmic praise on leaps the brook,
Threading the vale with curve and crook.
Unwitting reel the tuneful words
From thickets filled with thankful birds.
The evening's murmurs all are blending,

One grand Good-night, to God ascending.
Then o'er me steals a gentle sleep
Soft as the sighs when lovers weep;
From grayish blur to sable seems
A transit sweet, with dawn of dreams.

Low rumblings rise in far-off west
Where black clouds hang on heaven's breast,
Like islands dotting ocean's blue
When distance turns to ebon hue.
And through the fleeting shadows gray
From marge of mountain cross the way
While noise of summer ceaseless hums,
With bending form a Hermit comes.

Greeting his piercing, searching look,
In friendliness his hand I shook,
When thus he spake: "I wist, my son,
A storm is gathering, hurrying on —
I offer shelter to repose
And nourishment at journey's close."
Over his form a faded cloak —
The garment of an ancient folk —
Hanging adown in tattered folds

Frail as the web a spider moulds.
Scattered the breeze his grizzled beard,
His ragged, grizzly breast appeared.
His left arm shriveled, careless swings,
Its sinews naught but flaccid strings.
His right hand's bony fingers long
Held firm a staff both stiff and strong;
His heavy tresses fell below
His shoulders in a matted flow;
His piercing eyes were set beneath
White, rugged brows as in a wreath.

Far o'er the peaks, and plodding slow,
With weary windings on we go
Far up a cleft where whip-poor-will
Pours out her song on echoes shrill;
The scream of panther, sough of wind,
The shriek of eagle, wilding hind —
All mingle in a dismal din.
In darkness wrapped pale shadows thin,
Wild shapes appear as from their lair,
All hideous in the ghastly glare:
The lurid sheets and zigzag streaks
Of lightning blaze on bosky peaks.

Here in a gorge the Hermit fell,
But groping gained the cavern cell;
His tinder finds, and with a flint
He strikes a spark and lights his lint.
The bats, in hiding from the storm,
Dart out around the Hermit's form,
And scattering sweep in circles wide;
Then startled dash from side to side:
The gophers frolic round about,
Now darting in, now darting out
From fagots, 'gainst the smoke-stained wall:
The crickets caper, chirp and call:
The ceilings' cones their clusters yoke
And seem a phalanx in the smoke.

How strange that scar upon his neck!
His cloak thrown off, appeared the fleck.
No crucifix nor string of beads,
No book of song or Saviour's deeds;
A hat, a wig, and dagger stern,
Lay scattered on a couch of fern.
And here we take our scanty food,
Whilst out the storm's deep angry mood.

The Hermit closer draws, and now
I mark his wan and wrinkled brow.
"Thus it is that I always live;
For years have been a fugitive.
In nights of winter here I hug
My fagot fire with shake and shrug.
Then roves my mind in fancies wild —
I see myself again a child —
The snow beats fierce in gusts without,
The wild winds moan or weirdly shout.
But when the blossoms deck the trees
And yield their sweetness to the bees,
Then wander I afar and near
And bask me in the sunbeams sheer,
Look, look, my son, and note this mar —
It is the everlasting scar
That links my life with this deep dell,
That houses me in dusky cell.
This hat and dagger, weed and wig —
I donned them oft when acting prig,
And many times, as here I lie,
I think of joy in days gone by;
But griefs more often break on me,
Making my soul a stormy sea.

The friend who shared with me my all
Departed from me past recall;
So there is left not one to sigh
And moan with me my misery."

The tears up-welling, gush and roll
Forth from the wretched Hermit's soul.
"Hush! What is that? The bloodhound's
bay!
Hist! Closer — on my track! Oh stay!"
But nothing save the Hermit's groan
Pierced through the stormy tempest's moan.
"There, John is coming now. Ah, dear,
As natural as life — come here!
He is gone! Yet he stood by me —
Now, here — Gone, gone! Good-night to thee!
A few more days and I join you,
Sweet friend, so noble, brave, and true.
I see him in the thickest fight,
The Island Queen he now doth smite.
— O God! he falls within the night!"

A crash! The lashing lightnings pale,
Thunder a charge; on leaps the gale.

The fire now sputters scarcely blazing,
The Hermit trims it, quiet gazing,
Then on his withered elbow leans
Whilst tangled hair his visage screens.

"My friend betrayed," and then he said,
"Not even one dying spark ahead;
Canada's tempests sob and moan
His requiem — his hope has flown.
Who knocks? How shakes his window-pane!
'Yes, come!' John calls and calls again,
And when the door they hasty ope,
With joy elate returns his hope;
For now, with laughing spirits gay,
Once more he sees the Southern gray.

. . . . . .

"'And if you come, Confederate,
We deem ourselves most fortunate?'

"Black grew the darkness, wild the blow;
Yet poor John to them longed to go
So through the night — the shade for sin —
He passed along — and then passed in.

"'Now out with glasses, out with wine —
A toast to Captain ere we dine.'"
The Hermit shrieks, "O God, he 'll die!"
Twisting his hair in agony.
"Oh, treachery! Yes, I ken it all —
Drugged, drugged! the very words appall.
Look, look at them! they rush, they strive!
Impostors foul! On, on they drive!
Finished! Unconscious on the ground
He lies while sentry guards around.
He moves, he tries to walk again —
Oh, reave from him that ball and chain!
O noble, sweetest friend of mine
A Judas hurled thee cross the line."
The storm now roars and wreaks its ire;
The Hermit pauses, heaps the fire.
"John's life to save I would have given
My all — yes, even my heart have riven.
I wept, I prayed he might be spared;
I vowed he was beguiled; I dared
The fury of a nation's greed.
"'Go,' Lincoln said, 'assured Beall 's freed.'
I left, rejoiced, and soon was sleeping.
The sun came o'er the hill tops peeping

And kissed John's cheek whilst I, deceived,
Slept, lulled by lies I had believed.
"Where am I? Yes, I see — the Act!
Oh where, oh where that promised fact?
Oh where is he with loving grace —
Look there! My God, there 's Lincoln's face!"
Without the storm its fury waves,
With sighs and moans and shrieks it raves.

"Stop! Those sunken eyes why haunt me?
Stop! Those hollow cheeks why taunt me?
Demon devils o'er me gloat —
Back! My throat, oh loose my throat!"

How to save him, what can I?
The Hermit writhes in agony.
King of Kings, oh heed his crying!
Help, O God! the Hermit 's dying.

List! faint and fainter fades the roar,
The storm is hushed forever more;
The mount is robed in russet beams
By glinting gleams of truth through dreams.[6]

LOVE LEADETH

THE shade on my life is falling,
Ah, the twilight shadows creep!
How pass through darkness appalling,
How master the mountain steep?

Ah, the twilight shadows creep!
But Love now leadeth — I go
Where a thousand shadows sweep
To blot her delicate glow.

But Love now leadeth — I go
And pass through darkness appalling
For bright is her delicate glow;
Her light on my life is falling.

COME QUICKLY, SPRING!

HAIL, welcome birds! exultant sing,
And herald Spring advancing near;
The gladsome news to mortals bring,
Our hopes to raise, our hearts to cheer.

Come, dancing sunbeam, play and glance
So noiseless, voiceless with thy glee;
Oh come, caress, coquet perchance,
Nor vanish ere the blush can flee!

The earth will greet thy maiden kiss,
And cloudless skies reflect thy love,
And wordless songs and voiceless bliss
Arise and fill the air above.

Come quickly, Spring, disperse the gloom,
Sweet messenger from God thou art;
Come kiss the sleeping buds to bloom,
Unfold the blossoms of the heart!

REBECCA O'REAR

WITH joy I revert to the beauty of yore,
Turn back to the Elkhorn, the huge sycamore,
The mill and the miller, the falls and the ford,
The spray and the shallow attempting accord
With the magical melody, ripplingly clear,
Of my darling, my charmer, Rebecca O'Rear.

The hum of the reaper, the ring of his scythe,
With pipe of the partridge, come airy and blithe.
The gloss of the martin with morn's rising glow
In beauty outshineth the shade-covered crow.
But rarer by far — there is not a compeer
To thy shimmering ringlets, Rebecca O'Rear.

The scent of the clover floats down from the hill,
The trill of the thrush is sonorous and shrill
To the far-away lark on the serpentine fence,
Where ivy is running all matted and dense,

Oh, matchless the madrigal dropped on my ear,
But sweetest of singers, Rebecca O'Rear!

The foam, scarcely kissed, gives a rush as to shun
The ruddy kind grasp of the glorious sun,
The oriole peers from the elm's bowing crest
Unaware of the touch in its bright-tinted breast;
But milder, more tender, and trebly more dear
Thy lithe waxen fingers, Rebecca O'Rear.

The rain gently fallen on fallow and wood,
The landscape bedecked with its sparkling new hood,
The cloud in the west wears its corslet of gold,
The bow in the east bears its diadem old,
Yet rarer and fairer, I e'er shall revere,
Thy enchanting brown eyes, sweet Rebecca O'Rear.

Off westward the Elkhorn soft glimmering sped
Engirding the land with a silvery thread;
The white-blossom dogwood leant out o'er its brink
With bloom of the peach that was pearly and pink;

But brighter a blush that will ne'er disappear, —
For it blows on the cheek of Rebecca O'Rear.

The fish-hawk swooped downward, his wings
newly pruned,
With a shriek that was startling, so aptly attuned,
The rain-crow cried loudly, foretelling the storm
Yet the minnow was snatched from the river so
warm.
Oh flee to me, fair one! and nothing 's to fear,
My arm will protect thee, Rebecca O'Rear.

GO SOFTLY STEALING

SWEET happy thought, go softly stealing,
Where hope has sped, where hearts have bled,
Where troubles are and phantoms dread;
There kindly shed thy halo healing.

Ah gently on, with joy revealing
Thy balm within the bosom spread,
Sweet happy thought, go softly stealing
Where hope has sped, where hearts have bled.

Nor dim thy light, nor cease appealing
Till all the brooding night has fled,
Till life is bright and sorrow dead —
Till then with mercy's tenderest feeling,
Sweet happy thought, go softly stealing.

SHERMAN'S HEROIC MARCH

OH, captive of the South-land, slowly dying far from home,
In dank and loathsome dungeon, frowning heartless, bleak, and cold!
No merry tattling brooklets gently laughing, leap and roam
Through blushing morning-glories hugging roses on the wold;
No merry birds now twitter in the dingle, wood, and lea;
No tender heart now hopeful, buoyant, happy, light, and free —
The bold and noble General, he is marching to the sea!

Oh, fearless, hardy Southron in the raging battle's smoke;
Now breasting where Potomac's sanguine waters sadly roll;

Where piercing death's deep voices and the pounding sabre-stroke
Are beating on the breastwork like an ocean on the mole!
Fair was thy happy hearthstone with thy romping children's glee,
But now gone, gone forever, and thy matron, weeping she —
The bold and noble General, he is burning to the sea!

Ah, noble, brave, and dauntless Sherman, hearest thou the wail
Of maid and mother and the tramp of devastation's train;
Or hearest helpless orphans on the homeless cheerless dale —
With cherry blushes flecked ere wound in desolation's chain;
Or on the air the lilting flames a-tilting cap-a-pie?
The great and mighty General, O, ah me! what heareth he?
That bold and noble General, he has marched beyond the sea!

O LIBERTY, REIGN!

O LIBERTY! divinest goddess, reign,
Instilling justice as our nation's guide,
Until the song-birds hush in their refrain,
And sunlight fails o'er all this Union wide.

Until the ocean's restless lashing tide
Is lit by lapping flames on all the main,
O Liberty! divinest goddess, reign,
Instilling justice as our nation's guide!

Until the angel hosts from heaven's pure fane
Like stormy snow-flakes sweep this orbit's side;
Till heaven's astounding thunder rends in twain
All princely powers that to oblivion glide,
O Liberty! divinest goddess, reign,
Instilling justice as our nation's guide!

AGAIN A BOY

OVER the upland, down the hill,
By the school-house, past the mill,
To the wood my steps incline
Where the beech the vines entwine.

Mists of morning quiver round,
Dancing weirdly o'er the ground
As the ploughman, brown of hand,
Gees and haws, and tills the land.

There the blushing springtide holds
Every bud and opes their folds,
While the sweet May-apple bloom
Sprinkles far its rich perfume.

There the breeze beguiling sings
Soothingly on rapid wings
To the snowdrop's nodding head
From its green and grassy bed.

There the robin sings away,
Stops and bows to peeping day;
And the squirrel, shy of all,
Gnaws a nut, then lets it fall.

There the wren with tireless glee
Flits about from tree to tree,
As her young ones, loth to try,
Flap their wings and learn to fly.

There the brook, so sparkling gay,
Leaps and laughs the livelong day,
While the swallows twittering dip
Where the oxen come to sip.

All have flown, yet there is joy —
I again am truant boy,
Loitering where the beechwood shades
Draw my sight, and sorrow fades;
Am again beneath the tree,
Happy as I used to be.

A CARDINAL

HIGH o'er the tips of yon cedars, a
cardinal chants through his dream,
Bright like the rosy-tipped ripple that
vanishes away in a gleam.

Bard full of sweetness and fleetness, uplift every
heart of earth's throng
Sing for the souls here in darkness, oh sing, with
a passionate song!

Breathe on the moan of the cedars thy carol from
glory and ease,
Pilot for all, the dark river to rest with the
Giver of these.

GOD WILL GUIDE THEE

THROUGH a deep and rugged hollow
Flows a rill in dimpled play,
Babbling as I pensive follow
Where it winds its course away.

Laughing, leaping, slipping, sliding
Onward with a rushing tide,
To the Schuylkill downward gliding,
Joining it with hurrying stride.

Listen as its water gathers,
Gaily flowing swift along,
Telling of the faithful Fathers,
Clearly warbling sweet its song.

" Here it was, in dead of winter,
Here it was, those sires of thine
Suffering plucked the icy splinter
From the frozen mountain pine.

" Here it was, beside the river,
Warming scarce their bloody feet,
Sons and sires did quake and shiver,
Patient yet with naught to eat.

" Here it was in time grown olden,
Dying mingled with the dead;
Hope the living did embolden
Still to struggle, naught to dread.

" Here I saw the Prince of Darkness,
And the Angel clothed in Light
Both contesting in their starkness
O'er the souls that took their flight.

" Here I saw them weary, falling,
Dropping, dropping, one by one;
Then I heard the Angel calling—
Praising great deeds they had done.

" Here God's help was freely given
In the fight at Valley Forge;
God the Spanish power has riven,
He reproved the Tyrant George.

"Heed and profit, faltering stranger,
Hear a lesson thou should'st know —
God will shelter from the danger
When the raging tempests blow.

"Freedom's holy banner, praise it —
Onward ever, never pause;
God is with it; boldly raise it —
Let it wave in Freedom's cause!"

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DEATH

O'ERWHELMING darkness gathers like a pall;
Deep in the brimming heart a sombre knell,
And deep the pulsing cadences that tell
The story of the sorrow over all.
And now the bugles sound their piercing call,
That rouses not the nation from the spell;
And now the rolling organ-anthems swell,
And speak the grief of cottage and of hall:

O England, sad thy voice as sighing waters!
O mighty Mother of our mighty land,
Our grief is grief of loving sons and daughters:
We send it loyally from this far strand:
Love's victory is worth a thousand slaughters —
In heartfelt sympathy we press thy hand!

TIME

IT comes with the dusk and the rose-tinted dawn,
It comes with the dew-drop on forest and lawn,
It comes, will not loiter — ah, now it is gone!
With swiftness of eagle affrighted to flight,
It stops not for sunshine nor darkness of night.

Is first at the cradle, is first at the bier,
From second to minute, from day unto year,
It leaps ever onward, it bounds like a deer;
It steppeth not backward, but forward must march
To infinity's borders, to heaven's bright arch.

It grasps all — the infant and tottering age,
The fool, the pretender, the learned, the sage,
All moulder and vanish like some ancient page.
Aye, flowers of the springtime — all beauty sublime
Must wither and crumble and fade before Time.

Time

O Time, unrelenting controller of all,
Before thy keen scythe even vanities fall.
Possessor of griefs and joys great and small,
Stretch out thy stern hand ever nearer the goal,
Take my poor body, but touch not the Soul!

WHEN BABY CAME

JOY filled my heart when baby came —
Ah, will he divide his mother's place?
How can I love them both the same?

As softly coos a dove, the dame
Crooned joyous, and bliss lit up her face;
Joy filled my heart when baby came.

My bosom swells like leaping flame —
Her image and mine in him I trace;
How can I love them both the same?

The tender mother breathes his name —
The name of my father — with sweetest grace;
Joy filled my heart when baby came.

And you who cavil, prate, or blame,
I pray you withhold your wry grimace —
How can I love them both the same?

Here is no rivalry or shame —
I fold both the darlings in one embrace; —
Yes, I can love them both the same!
Joy filled my heart when baby came.

L. of C.

THE TROUBADOUR

THE Troubadour sleepeth, his harp is unstrung,
For death, the cold-hearted, the adder, has stung.
His fingers so nimble have crumbled to dust,
His bright sword and helmet are cankered by rust.
The song that was sweetest has failed from his tongue
And Troubadour sleepeth, his harp is unstrung.

The river may sing in the dance of the sun
And mocking-bird chant to the numbers that run;
The peasant may carol of freedom from care,
Of the wife who is comely and child who is fair;
The maiden may warble of lover so bold,
Whose hand and whose heart were like Paris of old;
But the song that is sweetest can never be sung —
The Troubadour sleepeth, his harp is unstrung.

O lips, why not lisp it, O voices, impart
The song that is sweetest from depth of the heart ?
O fingers so nimble, why touch not the strings
Of the harp that is silent for joy which it brings ?
Let the song that is sweetest in rapture be flung —
But Troubadour sleepeth, his harp is unstrung.

TO NIGHT

O GENTLE messenger of peace, all hail!
Unwittingly art thou the cloak of sin —
All hail! Thou bring'st the close of clanging din:
And weary warriors fling aside their mail.
At thy approach the toiler rests his flail,
And labor greets thy robes and creepeth in,
And haughty matrons, proudest of their kin,
Appeal to thee to soothe their infants' wail.

O King of Slumber, come with kindly kiss!
Like eagle sweeping on his pinions bright
Spread far thy shadowy mantle, and let fall
Upon our drowsing eyes thy softest bliss.
Both prince and peasant own thy gracious might —
Hail Monarch Night, dear Rest-bringer to all!

NOTES

THE NAMELESS HERO

[1] John McNeil, born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, February 4th, 1813. Of limited education. In Boston, Mass., learned the trade of a hatter. Died at St. Louis, Missouri, in or about 1887.

[2] Andrew Allsman, of Marion County, Missouri, was employed by McNeil to inform on and lead Federal soldiers to the homes of his neighbors. Allsman was captured by Col. Joseph C. Porter, but released, though afterwards thought to have been shot by Porter's men.

[3] Captain Thomas A. Sidenor, of Monroe County, Missouri, and nine others, Willis J. Baker, Thomas Humston, John M. Wade, Morgan Bixler, Eleazar Lake, John Y. McPheeters, Herbert Hudson, Marion Lair, and ————, were shot at Palmyra, October 18th, 1862, by order of General John McNeil. Captain Sidenor was a gallant officer under General Sterling Price at the battle of Wilson's Creek and elsewhere. In preparing for death he recalled to mind the three

hundred Spartans under Leonidas, at the Pass of Thermopylæ. In his wedding suit, his hair falling in ringlets over his shoulders, his hand over his heart, where a beautiful young woman was soon to have rested as his bride, he called to the executioners: "Aim here, please."

[4] William R. Strachan was court-marshaled at St. Louis, Missouri, January, 1864, for embezzlement and rape, committed while he was provost-marshal at Palmyra. He was sentenced to imprisonment but released by General Rosecrans. He died in New Orleans, with the request that his tombstone should bear the inscription:

"William R. Strachan; born in New York; died in New Orleans, February 10th, 1866. The Union is preserved, and I die contented."

[5] "Ready, aim, fire!" An irregular volley — only three killed. Morgan Bixler was not hit, but fell forward. Six men were mangled. The sight of the struggling, moaning victims was sickening. The reserves then stepped forward, discharging their revolvers into the writhing bodies. Willis J. Baker, seven times pierced, died last of all.

[6] Captain John Yates Beall, the friend and college mate of J. Wilkes Booth, was born January 1st, 1835,

in the valley of the Shenandoah, and educated at the University of Virginia. He endeavored to liberate three thousand countrymen incarcerated at Johnson's Island, but failed, owing to a mutiny of his men. In escaping to Canada he was compelled to take and sink the Island Queen. Afterwards captured and hanged February 24th, 1865. To Fern Hill, in Greenwood, we might, as does the Author of his Memoir, point and say: "There lies a man who espoused a great principle; who wrought for liberty when God himself seemed dumb; there a soldier who bears upon his breast the insignia of honor; who fought and fell at Harper's Ferry, pierced by a minie ball; who marched through the Shenandoah in Stonewall Jackson's immortal First Brigade; there a prisoner who, though chained at Fort Lafayette, embraced the manacles as badges of honor; there a patriot who died in the service and defense of his country; there a philosopher pronouncing death a 'mere muscular effort;' there a Christian who, under sentence he believed to be unrighteous, and its execution murder, wrote his brother: 'Vengeance is mine saith the Lord; I will repay.' Therefore do not be unkind to prisoners; they are helpless."

Notes

The author feels that it becomes him to crave the reader's generous indulgence, for whatever interest might attach to the publication must be due less to any intrinsic merit than to the exciting incidents upon which it is founded. It is for the most part a faithful narrative, with facts omitted too horrible for relation.

Following the traces suggested by an old manuscript account, the writer made a visit to Palmyra, Marion County, Missouri, and sought personal interviews with many of the old citizens who were eye-witnesses of the terrible deeds of 1862. These recollections have supplied the materials of the poem. He hopes it may help to perpetuate the memory of Hiram T. Smith,

Whose life was not too dear for Country's need,
And not too precious for a Christian deed.

FEB 15 1902

1 COPY DEL. TO CAT. DIV.
FEB. 15 1902

FEB. 20 1902

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 799 447 5